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The Lone Prairie

AND A COLLECTION OF
VERSES AND SONGS

BY
LULU EVARTS GILBERT

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LULU EVARTS GILBERT
JUNE 1, 1921
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA



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MAY 9, 1921
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

NOVAK & WALKER, OKLAHOMA CITY

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MAY 31 1921

ON THE LONE PRAIRIE

One moonlight night,
The stars and moon shone bright,
There before mine eyes;
Two clouds went floating by.
'Twas on one mid-summer night;
'Twas on the lone prairie,
When those cool Zephyr breezes
Passed through the pine trees,
And lulls one to sleep.
'Twas on the wild western prairie
Beneath a large pine tree,
There in my Navajo blankets
'Twas then I fell into a deep sleep;
While my camp fire bright
Lit up the western plains.
'Twas there I dreamed of killing
Wild game and roasting them
O'er my camp fire bright.
There I dreamed of my two big dogs,
Grover and Coala, which were
My two boon companions.
They slept by my side and kept away
Wolves, panthers, lions and leopards.
That might spring on me any moment
And devour me—a faithful
Friend were my two dogs.
For Grover and Coala would kill wild game
And fetch them and lay them at my feet.
Then when the wolves began to howl
They would keep watch o'er me through
the night,
For to see that nothing harmed me.
By daylight I was astride of my pony
Going through the wild woods of thick
forest.
Once a limb on a pine tree
Brushed off my hat; never
Once did I stop to pick it up.
Grover, my favorite dog, did.
He brought my hat to me.
There were Navajo Indians
Riding their mustang ponies.
They assisted me on my wild western trip.
With my bow and arrows
I was fairly good.
When I aimed at any wild beast.
Behind me my faithful old dogs followed.
At any any moment I expected to be

Devoured by wild animals.
Now and then large lions, leopards, wolves
and panthers.
Now and then would leap from the thickets
And light upon my pony's back.
With my faithful Indian friends,
And faithful old dogs,
And my bow and arrows,
I left my victims dead and
Bleeding on the lone prairie.
My Indian friends wondered in amazement
At my wonderful marksmanship;
For I could shoot a hat off any man's head
A hundred feet away—
For 'twas only a dream.

—————x—————

WILL I GO TO HEAVEN WHEN I DIE (Parody)

If I'm a good little girl
To Heaven they say I'll go someday,
They tell me that I'll meet my mother there
In that happy land far away.

Chorus

Up in Heaven so far away,
Where those golden gates stand ajar,
Do you think I'll meet my mother there?
In that happy land far away.

When my evening prayers are said,
The same old story they tell,
That mother dear has gone to dwell
Up in Heaven with those angels far away.

There's where I long to be some day,
I want to meet my mother and those angels
When those golden stairs I've climbed.
Do you think my mother I'll meet there?

—————x—————

CONUNDRUMS

Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,
The cats cry mew, mew,
Tobacco men will chew,
But what about the cow
That gave a kick and spilt all the milk
Then she switched her tail
Then she began to moo.
But she wasn't the cow
That jumped over the moon,
Because she didn't know how.

BE A BETTER MAN

Comrades, come listen to my sad story,
Perhaps 'twill fill your heart with glory,
As round the camp fire we gather,
For tonight my dear comrades.

I'm thinking of home and mother,
Father, sisters and brothers dear,
Perhaps I was a wayward boy
For in bad company I fell one day.

Comrades, don't you know that's grief to me
For I broke my dear old mother's heart.
Oftimes I've seen her, boys,
Raise her sad face and cry.

Then she smiled and said
When she clasped her hands in prayer—
Joe, you are my wayward boy,
Still you are your mother's pride and joy.

I hope some day you'll change your ways
And be a better man some day.

Then, comrades, listen to my sad story
When temptations around you gather.

When far away from home and friends
Just stop and consider what your dear
Old mother said—change your ways,
Be a better man some day.

—————x—————

MADAM BLAIZE

Madam Blaize she
Hates to tell her age,
She flies into a rage
When told she ought to be
A bird in a gilded cage,
Then read every page
Should you become wise
About Madam Blaize.
Then upon her face
You can proudly gaze.
Should you not wish to see her rage
Please don't guess her age.
Madam Blaize is tall and fat,
And she wears feathers in her hat,
Such fun to see her laugh and chat.
For beauty she is the rage,
But the wise old sage says
Madam Blaize ought to be
A bird in a gilded cage.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW

As I sit in my low armchair,
Watching the rain drops,
As they tatoo against my window pane;
There in my child-like glee
And in my fancy I fancy I can see
My angel mother's face
Those angels bore away.
Her sweet face hovers near,
Her sweet voice I seem to hear
As she whispers in my ear,
May God in his wisdom
Protect my darling child.
Was my mother's prayer.
Then may her sweet spirit hover near
For I love my angel mother
Those angels bore away.

—x—

MERCEDESE

Little Mercedese,
And with good cheer
Has no fear to tease
Poor old Grandpa.
When she says wont you please
Have one cup of tea
On Grandpa's knee
Little Mercedese sits
And catches flies and tells
Grandpa a story until three
After Grandpa sips his cup of tea
Then Grandpa falls to sleep
Then little Mercedese takes one big peep
While Grandpa sleeps
Little Mercedese too falls to sleep,
Then she dreams she's little Boo Peep
Herding her sheep.

—x—

THE DAME RIDING ASTRIDE A BROOM

The roses have thorns,
The ladies have corns,
But show me a cow without horns;
Then up in a balloon I'll take my flight,
For to see a fat man ride in a balloon,
Then swift to mother earth I'll return.
For to see an old dame
Riding astride of a broom
With a black cat sliding on her back.
Oh! my, I wish it was soon
For to see a fat man ride in a balloon.

THE LITTLE TOOTSY WOOTSY

I want a little tootsy wootsy,
One that has big blue eyes that peep,
For there's no home that's complete
Without a little tootsy wootsy.

Chorus

I do not want a big doll baby,
I want a real tootsy wootsy,
One with big blue eyes that peep,
One that I can rock to sleep.

I want a little tootsy wootsy,
One that says, Mammy, rock me to sleep,
One with big blue eyes that peep,
One with golden curls that I can rock to
sleep.

LOVE MAKING

Someone is thinking of me tonight,
When dreams come true 'twill be love
making

In the moonlight tonight,
When the moon shines bright.

In the starlight, in the moonlight,
I'm thinking of someone tonight.
For it brings memories of you, sweetheart,
Memories that ne'er can be forgot.

Down the shady lane arm and arm together
We'll go strolling, you and I, sweetheart.
For sweetheart 'twill be love making
When the moon shines bright.

Tonight when the moon shines bright
And should lovers dreams come true,
Meet me tonight sweetheart for 'twill be
Love making when the moon shines bright.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH

In the shadow of death
Let Jesus guide our foot steps
Unto the way of righteousness and peace;
That when we see the bright face of Jesus
His face will be brightened unto us like
the sun,
His loving voice we'll all love to hear;
Then, beloved Saviour, guide us all
To that Heavenly home of rest
And peace, Jesus, lover of my soul.

THE INDIAN MAIDEN

There sits an Indian maiden
Whose heart has been saddened
By a warrior brave and bold;
But he went away one day.
There by her wigwam
She keeps the camp fires bright
While she listens to the songs of the
whipporwill.

In the forest so lonely and still,
In the wild lonely forest, where
The pine trees groan so tall
There sits an Indian maiden
Around her camp fire bright.
There this Indian maiden sits and sings
Each and every night listening
To the whipporwill's songs
In the wild forest so lonely and still.

—X—

WINTER TIME

Through winter's long and weary hours
Oftimes I've prayed for summer's golden
holidays

Where I can muse myself
With those little folks,
For they enjoy my anecdotes.
Though over much gossip
I care not much about,
Only when it contains good news
Pertaining to my friends and foes,
For wagging tongues and evil doers
Have set this world in woe.

—X—

EDGAR ALLEN POE

Edgar Allen Poe
Was a poet, by Joe,
'Tis said, Ah! is it true
That Edgar Allen Poe
Couldn't handle a hoe,
So Poe layed aside his hoe
And his fiddle and his bow
For to write prose
About a beautiful rose,
And his once cherished and loved Lenore.
Then poor Poe wept until
His eyes and nose were red,
Then Poe 'tis said went to bed;
Soon Poe began to snore,
Then Poe dreamed of his lost Lenore.

TWO ROSY CHEEKS

There's two rosy cheeks,
A dimple in each;
Two violet blue eyes,
That looks at you in surprise.
'Tis a beautiful little girl
With ringlets of golden curls,
And when she on me smiles,
Her teeth are like pearls.
Her two little chubby hands
Around my neck do entwine,
And with those ringlets of curls,
Ah! I wish she were mine.
Violets blue in each bright eye,
'Tis a beautiful little girl,
With ringlets of golden curls;
And when she at me smiles,
Ah! I wish she were mine;
That beautiful little girl
With those ringlets of curls.

—X—

YANKEE DOODLE BOYS

When we go to town
We can wear a frown,
For we can dance and we
Can sing Yankee Doodle boys.

Keep the ball a rolling,
Keep the music going,
We've licked the Kaiser Bill,
Now, let's sing Yankee Doodle Dandy.

While Huckleberry Tim
He is rather tall and slim,
Can sit up in a cherry tree
And sing Yankee Doodle Boys.

When the soldiers come to town
Dressed in their uniforms of brown
We can dance and we can sing—
Johnny Get Your Gun, Yankee Doodle Boys
run.

—X—

A VERSE

Go to the storehouse,
Then look on the shelf,
With toys piled high,
Then think to yourself—
There's not one toy for
The moneyless child.

DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE LAND

(Parody)

Tonight I'm speeding on a train
That will carry me back again
To a dear old Southern home
Way down in Dixie land.

Chorus

Way down South in Dixie Land
There's where I long to be tonight;
Then let me live and die in Dixie Land
Where the sun forever shines bright.

For in my fancy I can see my gray-haired
Mother standing at the gate;
I know she'll watch and pray
For her darling boy that went away.

I know her heart will beat with joy
When she sees her soldier boy
Come marching home once more
For to greet those loved ones once again.

—x—

THE EARLY TRAINING

Children need the early training
From the cradle to the grave;
For they are like a tender flower,
For they need a mother's tender love and
care
To teach them right from wrong.
That's one of man's greatest
Aspirations and aims in life—
The lessons his mother taught him.
From the cradle up—for the mother's hand
that rocks our cradles
Shall be the hands
That shall rule the world.

—x—

THE KEY OF DESTINY

Let's build up those bright Promethean fires
For some reason now we know not why
By turns we catch that vital breath and
we die.
Then why not play our parts
When the wheels of fate or fortune turns;
But now we know not the reason why;
By turns we catch that vital breath and we
die, let's hope for
Immortality for where we are bound
God knows, for I don't. Do you?

THE LITTLE CABIN HOME

All around our cabin home
Those cypress vines am climbing
The mocking birds am sweetly singing
While we watch the little chil'en.

Chorus

Play around our cabin home .
Old missy and me is getting old
Our wool has turned to silver gray
Wont for us the little chil'en weep some
day.

When Ole Missy and me sleeps side by side
There in the little church yard yonder,
The mocking birds o'er our graves will
sweetly sing,
Then Heaven's bells will ring.

Heaven's bells gaily will ring
When we go to Heaven, Ole Missy and me.
Then Ole Missy and me can fly with golden
wings
While the angels we can hear sweetly sing.

—x—

THE DUTCHMAN

The Dutchman can sing,
The Dutchman can dance;
The Dutchman can't dance .
The Highland fling, nor the heel^e and toe
polka;
Nor can he dance the pigeon wing;
Nor swing the girls right and left—
For the Dutchman wasn't built that way.

—x—

Ah, I feel a little frisky,
Ah, I wished I had a glass of whiskey,
For to drive away the blues.
Since we've got prohibition,
Sorry to say I cannot pay my dues,
I've got the flu and I've got the blues.
I don't know what to do. Do you?
I try to drive away the blues,
I stay at home in old rags
And wear old leather shoes
Tied with little bits of strings;
Then I sit propped up against the wall—
Am sorry to say that isn't all
For I have strange communions with
The bugs that crawl upon the wall.

LUCY AND THE ANGELS

'Twas one mid-summer day
Amid those flowers at play,
Whom should I meet, dressed in her best,
'Twas Lucy Gray, so they say,
Dressed in her little pink dress.
And with long flowing curls
And laughing big blue eyes
Lucy greeted me with a smile.
A child so young and yet so fair
With one mass of golden hair.
One day as Lucy sat upon my knee
The tears down my cheeks freely flowed
For one of earth's fairest flowers,
For one day those angels came
And bore sweet Lucy away.
Night by night, day by day,
I think of sweet Lucy Gray.

—————x—————

THE RED HEADED FAMILY

My Sis wore her dresses too short.
Sis used to wear them just below her knees.
When I'd say, Sis, aren't
Your skirts rather short?
Then she'd begin to snort.
Sis she married a baker,
The baker had red hair;
They had two twin babies,
Their hair was red too.
Should you laugh at them
Sis she'd grab up a chair
And knock you down;
Then she'd pull you up by the hair of your
head
For all the family had red hair.
The other day Sis wrote me a little
The letter said that I read
She wished her hair wasn't red.
The letter I read further said
She was sorry her two kids had hair so red.
The baker he took sick and died;
'Then Sis she wrote me that—
She had married an undertaker,
For Sis said she was glad
For to have some one to take her.
The letter further said that I read
Sis, thank God his hair wasn't red.

LOVELY MARY

Over yonder in the little church yard
Our lovely Mary sleeps;
There's a beautiful rose so sweet
That blooms at her head and feet
So every passerby may see
Where our lovely Mary sleeps.
Amid a soft green bed
There the lovely lilacs
Toss their lovely heads,
And with a granite stone
Placed at her head and feet
There in loving remembrance
Carved on a marble stone,
Sleeps our lovely Mary
Mary sleeps, Mary sleeps,
While God in his wisdom
Her soul will safely keep,
Though I must live and weep,
Though I pray to God
Mary's soul to safely keep.
There in a valley so green
The loveliest spot ever seen
There the highland Mary sleeps
Beneath a soft bed so green,
There the lovely violets toss their lovely
heads.

—X—

DON'T FORGET THE KISS I GAVE THEE

The beautiful roses are blooming
Among their lovely companions;
When far away dear wont you think of me
While the beautiful roses are blooming?
In the fragrant springtime dear think of me,
Take those roses I bestow upon thee,
Place them dear upon thy breast,
Don't forget the kiss I gave thee last.
Then I beseech of you dear when far away
That when you return home some sweet
day
That you'll wear roses on thy breast,
But don't forget the kiss I gave thee last.
The sweet springtime is night some sweet
sweet day
I'll think of you dear though miles away,
When you return dear on me kindly smile
Then the mocking birds will sweetly sing
for you and me.

LOVES SWEETEST STORY

The old story goes,
Once she told me that
She loved me is it so
But now her answer is no.

For now she loves another
Who is just a little better,
That's what she says to me,
But her I love, if she don't love me.

Love they say is like a rose
With all fragrance it comes and goes
That's the way of love, your heart is broken
And ebbs away like the waves.

Far better to be dashed under the waves
And never see the face you love
When she tells you she loves
Someone just a little better.

—X—

DOWN BY THE OLD GARDEN GATE

Down by the old garden gate
Where the roses are blooming,
Blooming for you and for me,
Meet me there tonight love.

Chorus

For there's where I'm going to wait,
Where the red and white roses are bloom-
ing,
Blooming for you, and blooming for me,
Down by the old garden gate.

And when the silver moon shines bright
Then back to the old garden gate
We can go a strolling arm and arm to-
gether,
There's where I long to wait tonight.

—X—

A PRAYER

Oh! ye Gods of immortal love,
Why do you hide your face from us all?
But still we have faith one and all.
Oh! ye Gods of immortal love,
To dwell with Thee and see Thy face,
That it may enlighten the human race,
To give us faith and by your grace
To believe in ye Gods of immortal love.

SWEET MUSIC

Oh! I love it, sweet music,
Sweet music is ever where I go;
Sometimes I tumble into a fit
For sweet music, I love it so.

There's sweet music no matter where I go,
Sweet music drives away sadness
And brings you back gladness
No matter whether it be sunshine or rain.

Sweet music I love it, I love it,
No matter where I go;
For it soothes my poor weary brain;
Sweet music, sweet music, I love it so, I
love it so.

Oh! I love it sweet music, no matter where
I go.

—X—

YOU TOLD ME THAT YOU LOVED ME

Once you told me
That you loved me,
Down by the old garden gate,
But now it's too late.

Chorus

For you've broken my heart,
Just for another let us part,
Remember, you were false to me
For 'twas you that told me.

That you loved me
But still love my love
For thee I cherished will never die
Until death we do part.

—X—

THE SILVER MOON

As I lay upon my pillow last night
Gazing through my window pane
Mid those stars that shone so bright
There the silver moon rolled on.

Soon I'll be in dream land
Where the silver moon rolls on,
There in the land of sweet dreams
The silver moon will roll on.

Though the silver moon rolls on,
Though today the sun does shine bright,
Soon I'll be in the land of sweet dreams
When the silver moon rolls on.

WHEN THE AUTUMN LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL

When the days are dark and dreary,
And the autumn leaves begin to fall,
Sometime will you think of me deary,
Though two hearts be many miles apart.

Mine heart will know no sadness
Sometimes if you'll only think of me,
For there's two hearts that will have to
part;

Remember, there'll be joy and gladness
For something tells me you love me, dearie.

For I see love sparkling in your eyes,
Some day if you'll only come back to me
Mine heart will not feel sad and dreary
Sometimes if you'll only think of me.

—X—

THOSE BABY EYES OF BLUE

Come to my arms, sweetheart,
When I peer into your eyes so blue
Something tells me you'll be true,
Let me then embrace you to my heart.

For sweethearts we'll be and never part
When I meet my baby eyes of blue,
The day I think I'll never rue
When I marry the girl I love.

With those baby eyes so blue
The girl I love I know she'll be true,
Then baby mine let me clasp you in my
arms

For they say 'tis no harm.

—X—

A PRAYER

Oh Lord teach us to watch and pray
That we may give thanks unto thee,
That our prayers you'll hear each and
every day;

Oh Lord be merciful unto us,
Give us strength that by your grace
Oh Lord, thee we will praise;
For your mercy is great above the Heaven.
Great God, our Saviour, and Redeemer,
Let us give thanks unto thee, oh Lord,
The great Jove, the giver of immortality;
For by his grace and mercy
We shall live on forever,
Great God, our Jove and Redeemer.

FRITSIE, MY LITTLE DOG

Once I had a little dog,
I loved that little dog
Just because that little dog loved me.
My little dog had but one eye, so had I.

Chorus

My little dog loved me,
And I couldn't help but love him;
For every where I went my little dog went
too.

When I go to the butcher shop.

Little Fritsie goes on a hop,
For Fritsie has but one foot, so have I.
That little dog loves me,
And I love that little dog.

My little dog's name is Fritsie.
Fritsie gets his three meals a day,
Just because Fritsie loves me—
And just because I love Fritsie.

A better dog you never saw,
For Fritsie was born in Arkansaw,
Where you can sleep with perfect delight
For they say the bull frogs croak all night.

—x—

WHERE BLOOMS THE HONEYSUCKLE VINE

Permit me to sit beneath
The dear old honeysuckle vine
In the good old summer time
Where I can hear the humming birds a
humming,

While the bees are making honey,
The birds am sweetly singing
All around my cabin door.
The little chil'en say I's getting ole and
feeble,

I feel I know my days are few
While I watch the little chil'en play
All around my cabin door.
'Tis in the good old summer time
Where blooms the honeysuckle vine.
Hark! me thinks I seed the angels coming
While the birds am sweetly singing,
There I see the little chil'en playing
All around my cabin door
In the good old summer time
Where blooms the honeysuckle vine.

SPRINGTIME

'Tis springtime.
With wild birds singing
Wont the wild woods ring
With sweet notes of the wild birds
As they fly up on thy wing
When its springtime?
The flowers they bloom
In the sunny South,
'Tis a land of sunshine and flowers;
Then to the sunny South come
Where the silver moon beams
For 'tis a land of sweet dreams
When its springtime in the sunny South.

—x—

LOVE'S PRAYER

Let's give a helping hand
That we may love one another,
That we may live by faith and love,
Where faith, hope and charity dwell,
For we are here just a little while
Then we are gone forever.
Then let's love one another,
Then let us wear a smile each and every day
Speak kind words, not evil,
All the days of your life,
Let us ever watch and pray
Every hour, each and every day,
Let us once more around
The family circle gather
For we are here a little while
Then into Eternity we go forever.

—x—

MOTHER, PRAY FOR ME, DO NOT WEEP

Dear mother, I'm going to leave you now
As o'er my dying bed your loving watch
keep.

Dearest mother, pray for me, do not weep.
Mother, soon I'll be an angel walking those
golden streets.

Dearest mother, soon I'll say good-bye
forever

For I see those angels, mother, coming.
Heaven's bells are ringing, they are sweetly
singing.

Dearest mother, soon I'll say good-bye
forever.

Dearest mother, wont I look sweet
In that little muslin dress you made so neat
And with those roses on my breast
When I have gone to my eternal rest.

When mine eyes are closed forever
Dearest mother, pray for me, do not weep.
All my little play things, mother, keep -
As o'er my bed your loving watch keep.



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